Rumpeltonian Cubism: The Manifesto

Rumpeltonian Cubism: The Manifesto We reject the clean geometry of the dead and the tidy boxes of art school. Rumpeltonian Cubism is not about seeing from many angles — it's about remembering from too few. It is Cubism after the hangover, after the paint dries wrong, after you've already saved the file as a JPEG and can't go back.

The Rumpeltonian cube is not a form but a regret. Its edges wobble. Its planes are late to the meeting. Perspective is something we meant to do but forgot halfway through.

We do not fracture the world into intellect — we blur it into misunderstanding. Our lines overlap like people talking over each other in a diner. Our colors are polite until they suddenly aren't.

Picasso disassembled form to understand it. Rumpelton disassembles it to avoid responsibility. Every object is an excuse. Every face is a window that refuses to open.

Rumpeltonian Cubism lives in the digital age's least confident pixels. It believes that the computer, like the artist, should make mistakes. It celebrates the awkwardness of rectangles pretending to be depth, the courage of wrong angles, the poetry of almost symmetry.

We are the cubists of collapse — the geometry of giving up. Our creed: "If it looks right, it's wrong. If it looks wrong, it's perfect.